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# Wings



43 4 2

## Chapter 1 by The Harlequeen

"I didn't mean to steal them. I found them in the park. Yes. The park. I found them in the park. I was walking past the duck pond when I saw them. What time? Oh, one in the morning. Why? I couldn't sleep. So anyway, I meant to just walk past them, but they flew after me and fastened themselves onto my back. Can I take them off? No, probably not. Would I like to see my family again? I have nothing with which you can blackmail me. I have no family and no friends."

## Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



Mad Mulhoon took the cigar from his mouth and leant back behind his desk. "So you've no family.... and no friends? Way I see it, that means nobody is going to miss you if, say, your body washes up downriver?"

Kneeling on the rug before him was a teenager in a Killers T-shirt and skinny jeans, his face half hidden by a dark angular fringe. There was fear in his eyes but also a glint of defiance, his hands clenched into fists. But all Mad Mulhoon could see were the huge white wings arcing up behind the teenager's back.

"Okay Boys, take him downstairs." Two big men, with muscles straining at their jackets, stepped out of the shadows. "I want those wings. You can't damage them in any way. I'm going to be less than happy After that, get rid of the body."

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